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JEM.

... plays one
.
.
.
off the
.
.
.
cushion ...





..... and calls these

cushion shots for the corner



and from here on

you'll have to take

... your own cue



AUGUST 1957

Vol. 1 No. 6

A Treasure Chest of Rare Spice

Danny Ross

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editor

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*"There, there ... I'm sure your wife would be
proud to know that you're so repentant already."*

DIAMOND DUST



THIS MONTH JEM DANDY had gone international as all get-out. From the rural American bowers of Intercourse, Pennsylvania, where the hazards seem to be more from pinshtickin than from lipshtickin (page 6), we leap to a study of the royal playboys of the international set (page 25) by a raconteur who's been observing their shenanigans since the days he toddled around the continent with the great Sara Bernhardt.

In case that inspires you to be an international rakehell, we commissioned Jem Dandy's old friend R. Fred Arnold to set you off on the right track with a learned "how-to" dissertation (page 24). Everybody else tells you how to build bird houses, or how to re-wire grandma's hearing aid; now JEM brings you the *real* how-down.

Unfortunately, Fred Arnold was unable to answer the burning question raised by the Indian who went fishing, caught a mermaid, took one look at it and threw it back. Asked his companion: "Why?"

Shrugged the Indian: "How?"

(Continued on page 60)



A new idea in PIN-UPS

By DANIEL AGREN

BEING a stranger who didn't care what people thought, I walked boldly into the Intercourse State Bank, Intercourse, Pennsylvania, slipped down a ten dollar bill and said:

"Five two dollar bills, please."

The teller dished them out. I examined each one and knew that the teller examined me at the same time through the grille. I began to suspect that this was an old story.

"Not these bills," I said, tossing them back. "Those bills, the ones bearing the bank's name."

"Just a minute," he said, "I'll get the manager."

He got a thin-lipped sanctimonious individual who must have been in the sole business of foreclosing loans, refusing loans, and brushing off obstreperous tourists who asked for bills bearing the name of the issuing bank, in this instance, Intercourse.

"We do not issue two dollar bills," said the thin lipped one. "What gave you the idea we did?"

"It's known all over, as you must know," I said. "People, men, that is, must come from far and wide to latch onto your two dollar Intercourse bills, spelled with a capital I."

"They do," he said. "They are invariably of the same type. Shall I describe the type in lieu of providing you with the bills?"

"Well," I said, "do I look the type?"

"A perfect example," he said coldly. "Receding forehead and chin, popping eyes, bulging belly, spats, brown shoes, sport shirt with false chest hair showing, watch chain with a safety pin, probably, on each end, and exactly ten dollars."

The thin-lipped man angered me.

"Did you come here, about as I did, and simply decide to stay?"

"I was born here," he said stiffly. "Will there be anything else?"

"Yes," I said, "explain five keys to Intercourse." (Continued on page 47)



When you arrive for a holiday in the Virgin Islands, you naturally want to paint your Vagon red, Folks. But our gal vacationer, surveying the islands for Jem Dandy's travel department, was stuck with a blue wagon. Hence the red shirt.



Without a shirt, who
needs a wagon?
The thing to do is
to dress to match
the island name.



The lure of the sea
is part of the
lure of the islands,
and so our gal
doffs even the white,
white robes to get
ready for the sands.



Our bonny
travel expert
discovers
the virgin
coconut is
delectable . . .



which proves
how travel
takes you out
of your
shell. And
if you munch
on coconut
all day . . .



the net result
can be
quite an
intriguing
picture. Isn't
travel an
eye opener?



THE BARBARIAN



It's a sure thing that if the inhabitants of outer space ever attacked the earth, we'd have to dance their tune. But just what is it?

THE President of the United States looked anxiously at the Russian Premier and received a similar look in return. The French Foreign Minister rubbed his hands together nervously and some forty or fifty other world leaders appeared anything but calm as they watched the huge pencil-shaped spaceship settle to earth on a pillar of fire at White Sands, New Mexico.

The alien ship was nearly a mile long and weapons could be seen mounted along its length. This in itself did not account for the extreme apprehension evidenced by the world's most important men but the identical notes, crudely printed in English and dropped on major cities of all nations did.

The notes had come from this ship and its sisters which were now orbiting far above.

"To the governments and people of the decadent planet earth, I, Bel Thor, Chief and Commander of the Free Spacemen, demand ransom in the amounts shown on attached sheet from each of your countries. In return I will refrain from destroying your cities. I graciously grant your governments three days in which to send representatives to the place called

White Sands there to wait my pleasure and receive my further commands concerning the ransom. In token of my ability to force compliance, my fleet will annihilate certain of your cities within the next two days. The list of those cities is included with this message. Do not fail to obey or the same fate will overtake the whole planet."

The ransom came to almost a tenth of every country's revenue and was to be paid in gold and silver.

"It is impossible," the Soviet Premier had shouted at the listening delegates of the Supreme Soviet. "This barbarian, capitalistic pirate cannot give orders to the people of Russia. We will defy him." But he gave orders to have Leningrad evacuated at once for it was on the list of cities to be destroyed.

"We have reason to believe that this ultimatum is the work of a foreign power which shall be nameless," said the American Secretary of State. "We also have reason to believe it is only a bluff and that the ships which appear to be circling the earth are an optical illusion of some sort, caused perhaps by inversion layers or the reflection. (Continued on page 60)

By GEORGE H. SMITH



As a matter of fact, you'd have rocks in your head if you didn't think the barbells are ringing for Jody. Flip the page and you'll get the idea . . .

Our GYM Dandy:

There's certainly nothing half-nelson about Jody Nelson.
Nor is she really up against the rocks.





Jody knows her ropes, for sure...



so don't try to muscle in now.





Just relax and get a lift...



or is it all over your head?



By SAM OGILVIE

What was the souvenir
big man with the cigar suddenly
remembered from his past
—and gave the girl on the club car?



Runs Sunday Nights Only

THE big man in the dark blue suit was already in the club car of the train, alternately gnawing on a large cigar and a bourbon highball, when the girl got on at Hilton.

She wasn't exactly a girl. She was in that undefinable status that is neither miss nor matron—tall and slender, somewhere in her thirties, well-dressed but not smartly so, a person suspending in space between girl and woman.

The club car, in a way, was like that, too. It was part of the Sunday night express that runs down the valley to Manhattan, and it was really only part of a car—one end that had been fitted out with tables and leatherette seats that faced across the aisle. Even the timetable listed it somewhat apologetically as "beverage car," and the tired, self-effacing attendant matched the setting. He looked as if he would be more at home as a bellman in a second-rate hotel than as a Pullman bartender.

The girl had a meager audience for her entrance. Except for the man and the attendant, there were only two others—

(Continued on page 50)





... on a hot tin roof is Donalda Jordan. O. K., so it's an asphalt roof. Nevertheless, this is



Kitten...



Donalda, and a roof is a roof, and that fellow Tennessee Williams can go back to Tennessee. We will gladly stay and see what happens when our kitten leaves the hot roof for cooling waters.



BUT SHE DID...



Did what?

Went out
to swim,
of course.
And Donalda,



once she
climbed down
from that hot
tin roof,
couldn't wait
to hang



her clothes
on a hickory
limb before
she went
near the water.



THE PLAYBOY KINGS

By AL MAYER

PARIS, the majestic, stands like a beacon lighting all of Continental Europe, casting its rays to every corner of the world, inviting all from millionaires to paupers and kings to puppets to share its beauty, gaiety and freedom of living.

Unlike Italians who say: "See Naples and die," Frenchmen invite you to "See Paris and live!" Millions accept the invitation; it invariably leaves your pocketbook thinner than it was when you came in, but the consensus agrees it is well worth while.

Prior to World War I, the king business was still in good standing and profitable; kings flocked to Paris, seeking relaxation from the cares of State. They came "incognito," a nice word covering a multitude of sins. They dropped their titles and took a less imposing one, from a long list of legal appellations.

King Edward VII, for instance travelled to the French Capital, Riviera, as and other favorite play spots of royalty under the name of Duke of Lancaster. The "incognito" gave the king freedom of action; it also relieved the French government of possible embarrassment. There was no need to provide police escort or protection for its distinguished guest, nor to honor him with State banquets or be pestered with protocol. The Duke was simply another English nobleman on a private visit to the Continent. Other monarchs and potentates followed the same pattern and left their crowns home.

(Continued on page 27)





HOW TO BE AN INTERNATIONAL PLAYBOY

THE next time you go to Monte Carlo or Biarritz or Havana or Hong Kong, take a good close look at the international playboys. Stripped of their money and charm and good looks and sophistication, they're just like the rest of us. They're plain, ordinary joes, with a thin veneer of everything. YOU can be an international playboy, too.

Watch one of them operate and you'll see why:

There's a full moon over the Caribbean. Across the sea, far away near Cuba, an electric storm flashes angrily. But here, in the calm waters inside the breakwater of Angus Ingot's villa on the Jamaican shore, all is peaceful. Once in a while a flying fish leaps high, spraying iridescent waves to catch the moonlight.

There's a calypso band playing for Ingot's guests, the cream of Jamaican society. It's a polyglot mixture—fair English mix with swarthy Indians, debonair French chat with innocent West Indians, dashing Spaniards drink with shy Orientals. And, in the corner, surrounded by beautiful women is Porfirio Jones, International Playboy.

His right arm is around a voluptuous blonde, the daughter of the richest man on St. Kitts. His left arm is around a ravishing brunette, a half-breed whose father was a French munitions king and whose mother was a Balinese rock-and-roll queen. He is playing footsie with an American burlesque stripper, the current mistress of the captain of the Jamaican cricket team.

(Continued on page 27)



By R. FRED ARNOLD





THE PLAYBOY KINGS

(Continued from page 25)

The "regulars" who made the rounds to Paris, the French Riviera, Italian Riviera and Deauville every season were King Edward VII; Alfonso XIII of Spain; Manuel II of Portugal; money hungry and dissolute, Leopold II of Belgium, and a lesser but colorful character, Nicholas I of Montenegro. Tsar Nicholas II of Russia and Humbert II of Italy were the stay-at-home type of kings, family men. Wilhelm II of Germany was the self-appointed overlord boss of European monarchies; he tried to extend the idea to the entire world.

The wealthiest kings and their incomes, computed in American dollars, rated in the following order: Nicholas of Russia, 250 million a year.

Manuel of Portugal (Braganza dynasty, richest in Europe) undetermined amount but estimated in the millions.

Leopold of Belgium, revenue from his Congo holdings ran into millions.

Wilhelm of Germany, 20 million a year.

Alfonso of Spain, 10 million a year.

Edward of England, Humbert of Italy and Nicholas of Montenegro, all poor as church mice.

Playboys, whether kings or just mere mortals, need money to play, so the poorer ones had to devise means to keep their purses filled.

Alfonso of Spain had an income which appears large; it wasn't. Spain, a poor

country, relied on the king's income to pay at least a chunk of the money needed for the upkeep of royal palaces and entourage, and the drain left him none too affluent.

Alfonso XIII, however, a jovial happy-go-lucky chap extremely popular with everyone except in his own country, capitalized on his royal title. He was paid large sums from proprietors of fashionable establishments in play spots like Deauville, Juan les Pins, Monte Carlo and Biarritz, for spending two weeks or more in these places each season, besides being royally entertained as a king should be. Today he would have made a fortune as a guest star on any TV program.

Alfonso, therefore, had no problem keeping his pockets lined with gold, and to wit in the most pleasant fashion.

Vastly different was the case of the Duke of Lancaster. The House of Hanover had little or no private revenue and the British Parliament, never liberal with money, found no good reason why it should provide cash for a king "incognito" or to bestow on ladies of the Continent, however charming they might be.

Unable to follow the simple expedient practised by Alfonso, because of protocol and all that sort of thing which prevented him from making use of his royal title for commercial purposes, he had to find other means to raise money. He set out to get it

with such persistence that it led to a major scandal which rocked the capitals of Europe.

King Leopold of Belgium was intensely disliked. His ill-gotten wealth might have been overlooked in a pinch, but his greediness for more and more money, his methods of obtaining it and his dissolute way of life was too much, even with those not too particular about morals or ethics.

Stories of incredible cruelties led to charges of barbarism, and shocked the world.

In Paris the "incognitos" vehemently protested, but Leopold paid no attention and continued to shower gold on his favorites, Cleo de Merode and Baroness Vaughn. His lavishness on beautiful women of the demi-monde and just plain ladies of the night was the talk of Europe.

Leopold, however, was popular with the Frenchmen on the street. They felt they knew him personally, and many of them did. French being his native tongue, he was regarded as one of their own.

It was quite different in the inner set. Anyone who devised a way to relieve him of some of his cash could always find a willing ear. Whether someone did come up with such a plan or it just happened that way, was never known.

The fact remains an old-fashioned poker game was arranged to which Leopold (CLEO-pold, the French cynically called him) (Continued on page 54)

HOW TO BE AN INTERNATIONAL PLAYBOY

(Continued from page 24)

Suddenly there's a shot. The babble of voices stops instantly. Porfirio Jones takes his right arm from around the blonde, his left arm from around the brunette and puts back his shoe on the foot he was using with the stripper.

"I think," he says. "I heard a shot."

"Porfirio," someone says, "it's Angus Ingot. He's been shot."

It takes Jones only ten minutes to figure out the culprit was a Russian spy who had been disguised as the second banjo in the calypso band. (Jones had been suspicious of him for quite a while; he made the mistake of accenting the right syllable.)

He goes up to his room to lie down. Inside, on his bed, stark naked, is a lovely girl. He hastily throws a blanket over her.

"Porfirio," the girl says, "I love you."

"My dear," he answers, "I don't believe I've had the pleasure of making your acquaintance."

"I am Estralita, the forgotten one. You must help me get my inheritance back."

Ten minutes later, Jones has gotten Estralita's inheritance back by forcing a

confession from the scoundrel who tried to pose as her step-brother, Elvis Rubirosa.

Then, his dinner jacket mussed, he goes for a swim in the sparkling ocean. After killing the barracuda and rescuing the stripper from an octopus, he gets into a hot crap game with the calypso band on the beach and winds up owning two guitars, two banjos, a set of maracas and the mulatto mistress of the vocalist.

As he goes to bed, alone, he sighs and says, "I think I'll leave for Rio in the early pearly dawn; this place is dull."

So you see the only out-of-the-ordinary qualifications for an international playboy are knowing how to swim, shoot craps and make love to three girls at once. The rest is simple.

But the problem is how to get to be an international playboy. Once you've reached that stage, there's no trouble. Getting there, though, can be a sticker.

You need a press agent. He'll get your name in a few columns, with items like these:

"Clod Hopper was seen at the Copacabana with delicious Isa Muggin, the

lecithin heiress."

"Clod Hopper, the playboy, says, 'Two can live as cheaply as one, if they both have separate bank accounts.'"

"The other man in Mona Lowe's life is Clod Hopper, the handsome international playboy."

"Clod Hopper's new five-tone Cadillac is the talk of New York. He paid for it out of his hop scotch winnings."

A few months of that is enough. While the publicity campaign is underway, you can be attending to your personal appearance. You'll need a fancy wardrobe—plenty of evening clothes, made-to-measure sports clothes, purple shirts, yellow ties, berets, star sapphire buttons on your pajamas, that sort of thing.

You'll also need a tall, slim, figure, if you haven't got one. Wavy hair or slicked-down hair helps, but isn't a must. A few bald-headed and/or crew-cut playboys have made it, but they are in the minority. A bald head reeks of age and a crew-cut reeks of innocence, neither of which are qualities an international playboy would be caught dead with.

(Continued on page 54)



Your problems of the heart will be hair today—and gone tomorrow—if you heed JEM's expert...

DON WAN'S



ADVICE TO THE LOVEWORN

ALMOST every day, you read something in the papers about haircuts. Usually, it's concerning some poor lad who gets in trouble because he sports an Elvis Presley coiffure with long, luxurious sideburns.



Somehow, sideburns have come to be, in certain quarters, synonymous with sexiness. I, personally, think a pair of sideburns are about as sexy as a forsythia bush but maybe I'm just old-fashioned.

I thought it might be interesting to trace this strange connection between a man's hair-do and sex. It all goes back to Samson, of course. His strength was in his hair, probably because he flourished in the days before shampoos. Delilah found out and cut it off, making her the first and only barber to get a tip before a haircut.

Ever since Samson's time, hair and

sex have been intertwined, like a pony-tail. Napoleon's slicked-down arrangement had the gals in his day giddy. The powdered wigs of the colonial era, the bushy beards of Lincoln's time, the handlebar mustaches of the Teddy Roosevelt age—and now the Elvis Presley sideburns.

But one of the most unsung of the hair heroes was Phineas Comb. He lived around 1635 in England, and he started life as an apprentice to a procurer. But he had no desire for wealth and position; he was more of a dreamer. He was also very lazy. When everyone else would wave good-bye with the whole hand, he lazily just waved his pinky. Thus, he invented the finger wave.



But his fame, in hairy circles, doesn't rest on his inventions. His chief claim to fame is the Comb Formula of Hair Attraction, briefly stated as follows:

SA = H x BO. In this case, SA stands for Sex Appeal, H for hair and BO for Bank Ownings. It seems that it doesn't matter how much H a man has, if his BO is good enough, his SA will be high.

Comb died hairless and penniless, a bachelor.



And now to answer some of my mountain of melancholy mail:

Dear Mr. Wan:

I'm in love with someone who is completely bald. Otherwise, she is very nice. Do you think I should let this stand in my way?

HAIRNET HERB


Dear Hairnet Herbs:

If you love her, does it matter what her physical appearance? As Shakespeare said, "Beauty is only skin deep." He'd never been to a double-feature autopsy when he said it, either. No, my boy, the surface things

(Continued on page 58)



Ballet and beauty or red slippers? Focus on what you will, it's Degas a la 1957, caught in a magic lens.



JEM DANDY, DONNING HIS HIGHEST HAT AND WHITEST TAILS, HAS DETERMINED YOU SHOULD BE SUBJECTED TO THE CLASSICS IN LITERATURE. NATURALLY, ONE OF THE CLASSICS MUST BE THE DECAMERON OF GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO.

BUT J. D., TRYING TO WADE THROUGH THESE DELIGHTFUL BUT OFTEN INCOMPREHENSIBLE TALES, DECIDED THE ONLY WAY TO PRESENT THEM WAS IN A MODERNIZED VERSION. ERGO, A CENTURIES-OLD CLASSIC ATTUNED TO 1957.

classic rewrite...

DECAMERON

1957



COLONEL Joseph Agar ran a tight, but happy post. The colonel, a young man for his rank, demanded a minimum amount of spit and polish with a maximum of efficiency. His men, despite the inevitable G. I. gripes, respected him as an officer who know his business, lived strictly according to Army protocol and routine, but was a human being. Colonel Agar's superiors had high regard for him, too, and it was generally believed that he would go far in his career.

Everything seemed in the Colonel's favor, even his marriage. His wife, Theresa, was young, beautiful and an adroit Army hostess, thoroughly schooled in service protocol and politics.

So everything seemed rosy in the career of Colonel Agar until pfc. Jerry Jones fell in love

with the officer's wife. Now pfc. Jones was not just an ordinary pfc. He was a big man, like the Colonel, and a person of ingratiating charm and no small wit, which made his mad crush on the Colonel's wife all the more hopeless. For pfc. Jones was smart enough to realize that Theresa Agar, unlike some young wives of Colonels, was not one given to extra marital affairs with handsome young men under her husband's command.

However, so intense was pfc. Jones' adoration of Theresa and so great his desire to be near her that he began to ingratiate himself and before long he had become the Colonel's chauffeur and the favorite driver of Theresa. So helpful and willing was pfc. Jones that he soon became almost a fixture around the Colonel's quarters, (Continued on page 63)

JEM DANDY'S NEW FOOD & DRINK DEPT.



ONE MAN'S MEAT

or . . . poisson to poisson

The recipes and formulas set forth herein are real. They contain only the finest ingredients and, except for maidens with weak tummies, allergics, tosspots and gluttons, should produce no ill side-effects. Only the names of restaurants, chefs, bars and other places of assignation have been changed to protect JEM DANDY from his creditors.



THIS is the time of year one of the finest potables ever to slide down man's parched gullet comes to mind. It's the julep, naturally—mint julep, that is. And we can't think of a julep without remembering a summer day in East Louisville, Kentucky, when we had the one julep we've been trying to recapture ever since.

We had just come from a day at the races, our guest, Lady Rounseville, having evinced no little interest in studying the turf in America. As we left the horse parlor, sore-tired from jostling with sweaty, shirt-sleeved winners, sweaty, shirt-sleeved losers, sweaty, shirt-sleeved bookies, we chanced across Colonel Arbuthnot Q. Hemingway, who was neither sweaty nor shirt-sleeved (he lost his shirt on the fourth at Lincoln Downs). What could we do but accept his gracious in-

itation to sip a cooling libation at the Hemingway plantation?

There on the verandah of Erratic Manor, we brushed away the magnolia and swarming termites whilst the Colonel explained the ritual being performed by his old retainer, a lovable old character of 39 with curly-white hair named Benny Rochester. These were the notes we made on the margins of Lucky Jack's Scratch Sheet:

For each julep, first chill a fourteen-ounce glass or silver cup. While the glasses or cups are chilling, select from the ice chest the tenderest sprigs of mint that were freshly gathered by morning dew. Then take one of the chilled glasses or cups, put in enough cold spring water to dissolve a teaspoon of sugar, and into this gently bruise half-a-dozen sprigs of mint. Now discard (Continued on page 57)



the Quipping post

THE city editor of a large metropolitan newspaper sent one of his crack feature writers on an assignment to interview some old people and find out from them to what they ascribed their longevity.

The writer went to the park, where he discovered three wizened, very venerable men sitting on a bench. The writer identified himself then asked the first old man to what he attributed his long life.

"Well sir," replied the first old man, "I think I lived so long because I never used tobacco in any form, never took a drink in my life and never played around with loose women."

"How old are you?" asked the writer.

"Ninety-three," answered the old man.

The writer then turned to the second old man with the same question.

"Like my friend here," the old boy answered, "I never drank, never used tobacco and never monkeyed around with women. But I also was a vegetarian—never ate meat in my life—and I exercised regularly."

"And how old are you?"

"Ninety-five," was the answer.

The reporter then turned to the final old man.

"What's your story?" he asked.

"Well, I drank liquor all my life. Lots of it. Hardly ever went to bed sober. I used tobacco in every form to excess. I played around with all sorts of women . . . and even took dope!"

"And how old are you?"

"Twenty-four."

THE old salt had sailed on the same ship for so many years his shipmates couldn't remember when he first turned up. Despite the years he had sailed with them, however, they hardly knew him.

On shore leave in foreign ports, he travelled alone. They would see him on the street or in bars, always with a new and beautiful (and presumably pliant) girl, but when they approached, he would hustle away with his lady of the moment without giving them a tumble.

Every morning after such an excursion, his ritual was the same. He would drag his sea chest from beneath his bunk, produce a huge key and unlock it, and intently study a small piece of paper in the chest, mumbling to himself. Then he would lock the chest, shove it back under the bunk, and go on deck.

His shipmates, naturally, thought the mysterious paper might contain the secret of obtaining the beautiful women, or at least record their names and telephone numbers. So when the old salt finally died, there was a rush to break open the chest and a scramble for the magic paper. All it contained was nine words.

"I must remember," it read. "Port is left, starboard is right."

♦ ♦ ♦

The gambling toncat who put everything he had into the kitty . . .

♦ ♦ ♦

TWO Hollywood playboys were doing the town and after 15 or 16 Martinis, one said to the other: "Lesh do something spectacular. Lesh hire a cab and go to New York."

The other one agreed and they hailed a taxi.

As the first drunk started to get in, his companion said, "Ya better let me get in first. You only go to 42d Street—you get out first."



I, THE FOOL

By MILTON LUBAN

■ He was the biggest man I had ever seen, with hard, blue eyes that sneered like a movie usher telling you where the cheaper seats were. He must have weighed 300 pounds, all hard flesh.

Money was written all over him. But you could tell he had earned it all himself. Don't ask how I could tell; a private eye has to keep his trade secrets. From the way he moved I could tell he was hard.

"Will you take the job?" he asked. His voice was hard.

I stopped to think it over. He kicked me in the shins.

"Hurry up," he said flatly. "I haven't all day."

"I want fifty dollars retainer," I said.

"I'll write you a check," he agreed.

I grinned at him as I dug the lit end of my cigarette into his palm. His lips tightened and his eyes grew harder as he stared at his scorched flesh.

"Why?" he asked quietly.

"Cash," I said.

His hard eyes twinkled as his fist crashed against my jaw.

"You're a hard guy, Yammer," he chuckled. "But that's the kind of a shamus I need. Twenty-five per okay?"

"It's a deal," I grinned, digging a left to his ribs.

"Tell me, Yammer," he asked softly. "Can you take it?" he kicked me viciously across the ankle.

(Continued on page 52)

That's a h--l of a way to sleep!



JEM DANDY'S Poetry Corner

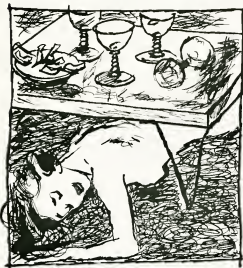
(poems your mother should've told ya!)



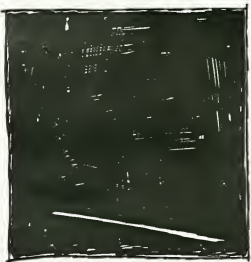
I love just one martini...



Or maybe two at the most...



After three I'm under the table,



After four...why boast?

SAY
UNCLE

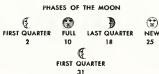


Poor Wretch's ALMANAC

combined with

Jem Dandy's DATE BOOK

AUGUST JEM: It's the Sardox, and we don't mean to be sardonic when we inform you that the flower is the Gladiolus. In fact, we're glad, and you might as well know that if you were born between July 24 and Aug. 23 you were born under Leo, the Royal Sign. You were born to rule, the stars say. Napoleon was a Leo. So was George Bernard Shaw, and my fair lady to you, too!



AUGUST

DM	DW	Unessential Information	J. D.'s Essentials
1	Th	Herman Melville, author of "Moby Dick," b. 1819. Rabbit season opens, Ariz.	Gregory Peck is now chasing Moby in the second run. Ever try harpooning a rabbit?
2	Fr	Wild Bill Hickock shot dead from behind, Deadwood, S.D., 1876. Nat'l Relaxation Week.	Panther, you can't get any further relaxed than Wild Bill did.
3	Sa	Columbus sailed on 1st voyage to America, 1492. First express office opened, Omaha, 1857.	It sure took Chris a long time to get to Omaha.
4	Su	Temperance Sunday.	See what the boss in the back room will have.
5	Mo	Friendship Day.	J.D. is trying to get friendly with Josly Nelson, the Gyon Dandy on page 14.
6	Tu	1st electrocution for murder in New York, 1890; 1st A-Bomb dropped on Hiroshima, 1945.	Ain't science wonderful?
7	We	We just remembered, August is Nat'l Sandwich Month.	A sandwich tastes good on rye. Rye? Oh, never mind the sandwich; just Rye and water, please.
8	Th	Esther Williams b. 1923.	Esther Williams went swimming, 1923.
9	Fr	2nd A-Bomb dropped, Nagasaki, 1945.	It sure took a lot to convince those Japs.
10	Sa	1st electric street car line opened in Baltimore, 1885. Herbert Hoover, 31st President, b. 1874.	Hoover promised two cars in every garage, but they still won't fit.
11	Su	Archie Moore beat Harold Johnson, TKO, 14 rounds, 1954.	J. D. decided not to challenge Moore.
12	Mo	Russia tested its first H-Bomb, 1953.	Just goes to show how powerful those Vodka martinis are.
13	Tu	Ben Hogan, golfer, b. 1912.	Anyone for tennis?
14	We	Japan surrendered, 1945; V-J Day; Victory Day, Ark. and R.I.	We didn't know Ark. and R. I. ever had a war with each other.
15	Th	Napoleon Bonaparte b. 1769. Panama Canal opened, 1914.	The Big Dutch sure lasted longer than the Little Emperor.
16	Fr	Russias declared Tito an enemy, 1949.	Russias is still trying to get Tito to listen.
17	Sa	Robt. Fulton made first practical steamboat trip, N. Y. - Albany, 1807.	Ain't science wonderful?
18	Su	Virginia Dare, 1st white child born in U. S., b. 1587.	J. D. wasn't even there.
19	Mo	Nat'l Aviation Day.	J. D. flew the coop.
20	Tu	Leon Trotsky, exiled Russian war minister, assassinated in Mexico, 1940. Edgar A. Guest b. 1881.	Dorothy Parker once wrote: "I'd rather flunk a Wasserman test—than read a poem by Edgar Guest."
21	We	Last chance to plant late turnips along latitude of Philadelphia.	We'll give turnips plenty of latitude any day.
22	Th	Sacco & Vanzetti executed, 1927, for payroll killing; the liberals all screamed it was political.	Thirty years later, it's Beck and Hogan who are screaming.
23	Fr	Russias signed 10-year non-aggression treaty with Germany 1939.	Germany invaded Russia 2 years later. Don't believe anything the Russias sign.
24	Sa	Tommy Burns defeated Bill Squires, 13 rds, New South Wales, 1808.	Spencer wrote, "Yet was he but a squire of low degree" 330 years before the bout.
25	Su	Virgil Trucks pitched a no-hitter for Detroit against N. Y., 1952.	Cassey Siemel never forgave the feller.
26	Mo	19th Amendment giving suffrage to women proclaimed in effect, 1920.	As we've said before, so who's suffering now?
27	Tu	G. Washington lost Battle of L.J., 1776.	People who live on Long Island are still losing the battle of the L.I.R.R.
28	We	1st oil well, Titusville, Pa., 1859; Chas. Boyer b. 1899.	Come wiz me to ze Coshbah, or oil's well that ends well.
29	Th	Oliver Wendell Holmes b. 1809; man of letters, humorist, author of "The One-Hoss Shoy."	Well, shoy, J. D. has a man of letters, too. See Don Wan, page 28.
30	Fr	John Gantner b. 1901. Joe Louis defeated Tommy Farr, 1937.	J. D. asked J. Gantner to do a report on "Inside Intercourse, Pa., 1957. He refused, but we got a report anyway. See page 6.
31	Sa	Her Ladyship ran fastest 3 heats for pacing horses, Syracuse, N. Y., 1938, 1:58 2/3 sec.	His Lordship ran second, but he was a Hottentot.

A Confidential Message

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ENERGY...**

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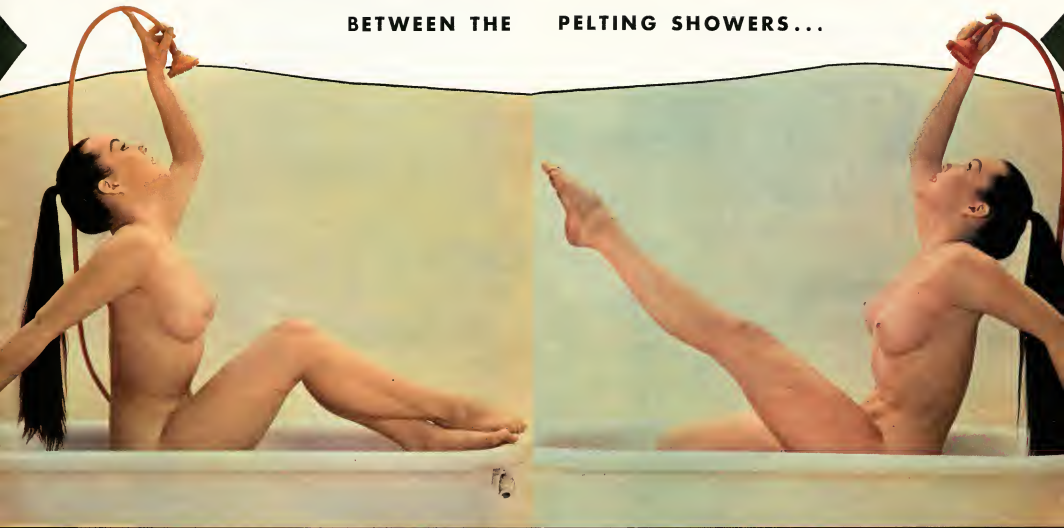
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Ah, there's the tub, to mix William Cullen Bryant with Saturday night Shakespeare. "Pleasantly," wrote Bryant, "between the pelting showers, the sunshine gushes down." And where's the sun?

Let us say it gushes down in the golden reflection of our August Saturday night beauty, here reflected on herself, and let Shakespeare worry about where's the tub!

The Insult That Made Me a He-Man!



"The big, muscular bully snarled, 'Get lost, you skinny runt', then gave me a shove and walked off with the girl I wanted to impress. It happened right on the beach, in sight of everybody. People laughed... I nearly cried with shame! That minute I made my decision to write Joe Weider. I didn't really believe he could do much with the bag of bones I called my body. I was round shouldered and pigeon-chested; my pipe stem arms, spindle legs and skinny thighs were a joke. I was ready to try anything... and am I GLAD I DID! JOE WEIDER PROVED TO BE THE BEST FRIEND I EVER HAD!"

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IN CANADA Write: Joe Weider, 4466 Colonial Ave., Montreal, Que.



Young Therrien BEFORE He Became A Weider Pupil. His miserable physique had these measurements: Height: 4'7", Weight: 75, Upper Arm: 1 1/2", Chest: 28", Thighs: 17 1/2".

How Leo Paul Therrien Looks Today. Thanks to the Weider System. Height: 5'7", Weight: 140, Upper Arm: 14 1/2", Chest: 42", Thighs: 22 1/2". You, too, can be transformed like this through Weider Training.

Skinny or fat, tall or short, young or old... your present condition makes no difference to Joe Weider. "I guarantee to add 3" on your arms, 6" to your chest. Only a few minutes a day, right in your own home—using my course and world-famous home gym training outfit—I GUARANTEE TO BUILD YOU MORE MUSCLE THAN ANYONE ELSE, FASTER THAN ANYONE ELSE, OR YOUR MONEY BACK! You'll develop great power, externally and internally—overcome constipation, physical weakness, bad habits. You'll build enduring, athletic muscles, gaining the liveness of a tiger and the strength of a lion. Popularity, romance, admiration will be yours! BUT you must ACT NOW! Make Your Vital He-Man Decision... MAIL THE COUPON TODAY! Remember my Money Back GUARANTEE—You Have Nothing To Lose But Your Weakness... I am waiting to hear from you..."

(signed) Joe Weider



NOW Girls Don't Pass Up Leo Therrien. Not with that physique and handsome appearance!

A New Idea In Pin-Ups (Continued from page 7)

Don't get that wrong, now. Intercourse, Pennsylvania, was first called Five Keys. The thin-lipped man supplied the capitals one ordinarily leaves out in conversation.

"May I ask you interest?"

"Yes, I'm a free-lance writer, on an assignment, to get the lowdown on strangely named Pennsylvania towns, like Intercourse, Bird-in-Hand, Lampeter, Blue Ball, Cream, Fagg's Manor. . ."

"Folks here are largely Plain People," he said. "They named most such places generations ago, with never a thought in mind, a few thought in mind."

"Such as I have, and my editor must have had, and you probably have," I suggested.

"Daily I am brought face to face with it," he retorted, "because of strangers, always members of the fancy-gay, who come in here, on inspiration or because previously deluded petitioners at this bank wish others to share their delusions."

"Fancy?" I repeated. "Gay?"

"Plain People, people who dress plainly, like the Amish people you'll see in the bank if you insist on staying, call people who are not plain, 'fancy' or 'gay.'"

"There seems to be a lot of them," I observed. "They still use horses and mules in the fields, backward methods in an age of efficient farm machinery. . ."

"They keep this bank fat," he said, lowering his voice.

"They're good farmers? They make good money?"

"And know how to keep it."

"But they can't be innocents, entirely. There must be a reason why this town, formerly Five Keys, became Intercourse. Maybe I'd better interview some of your Amish."

"Try it," he said. "I hope you do! They have no truck with the fancy-gay if it can be avoided. They won't be interviewed. They won't be photographed. They'll be polite but tell you nothing. They love jokes, and may tell you lies. They tolerate you, always say hello. . ."

"Even the rosy-cheeked girls I've noticed, smile, nod, and speak."

"Which means only," the man said sharply, "that they have good manners, regard all men as brothers and are deeply religious."

"The most religious," I said, "having the biggest families?"

"Often enough," he said, arching his brows, "but how did you guess?"

"Be fruitful," I quoted, "'and multiply!' Biblical commandment."

"Good day, sir," he said.

He tossed the bills back to me. Not until I was outside the bank did I notice that he had done a switch on me. The five two dollar bills bore the name of the bank: "Intercourse." It seemed like a good omen. I also took it as an invitation to delay departure, which I'd have had to do anyway.

I wasted three whole days trying to get information from the Amish, about the Amish. They were people of great dignity. They could make a refusal seem like a benediction.

The Amish are a Protestant sect. They are farmers who believe in the Bible as they interpret it. The first Amishman was named Amon, whose convictions were so strong that when he broke with the established church to found his own he laid his mark on all Amishmen to this day. Some do not even have churches, considering them ostentatious. These are called House Amish. Others do have churches and are called Church Amish.

They make their own clothes, even to their shoes. They go barefoot in the fields, which are worked by horses and mules. They don't have telephones, but use the telephones of their "fancy-gay" neighbors. They don't have cars, or are not supposed to—some do—but require their fancy neighbors to take them around. "We are allowed," they told me, "to ride with the devil so long as we don't take him by the horns."

They wear their hair, the men, round. You can't tell how the women wear theirs because in public they always wear bonnets. In their homes they wear tiny white lace caps, under which hair is seen to be stacked in simple knots. Women wear blue or black dresses and shirtwaists to cover everything. Their shoes are substantial. No ornamentation. Men wear broad-brimmed, round crowned hats, black; wear them in house, church, bank, wherever they happen to be, do take them off at meals. They wear gallouses, big seated trousers, rough home-made shirts. Unmarried young men are smooth shaven; married men wear beards.

Women are shapely, I discovered, even under their unglamorous clothing. They have peaches-and-cream complexions, needing no touching up with rouge.

Amish like to travel. If they can't get around in the automobiles of their fancy

neighbors, they drive their own "Amish buggies" which are distinctive. Their horses are tops. They send purchasers into the Deep South to get them.

Houses do not have electricity. Amish do not believe in insurance. They are pacifists, refusing to wear uniforms—and are backed in this by the United States government—but give heartily to charities of all kinds. Children are not permitted to go beyond the eighth grade. In States where the law requires children to attend school until the age of sixteen, and the Amish father keeps his fourteen-year-old eight-grade graduate out, the Amish father also goes calmly to jail for flouting the school law. "Friends of the Amish" usually hail him out.

I got nowhere in my drive to know the Amish, who held the secret of Intercourse, so I resolved on desperate measures. Amish young ladies, I noted, looked at me, a male, from under their little bonnets even more frankly than "gay" ladies did. The fact that I couldn't possibly be a threat to them—if indeed they had recognized anything as a threat—may have helped.

I knew that they knew all about me—for word of mouth is the Amish newspaper—and I really knew only hearsay about them. . . .

Including the Saturday night "get-together" at Intercourse!

This was a "get-together" of Amish horses and buggies, after dark. Buggies converged on Intercourse from every road leading in. In each buggy was at least one beardless young man, accompanied by his sister or sisters, as the case might be. When all the buggies got together there was a "big switch" inaugurated. Brother traded sister for another brother's sister!

There was a terrific hopping out of buggies by young ladies, a terrific hopping into other buggies by the young ladies. Young men didn't help. They just waited. Amishmen don't spoil their women. I noted that every buggy was provided with a rain curtain, and that the newly sorted-out couples, as soon as the buggies began to go into reverse, diverging now from Intercourse, the rain curtains were raised so that nobody, but nobody, could look in.

I had learned one reason why at least young Amish didn't go in for cars: a car won't drive itself; you can wrap the lines of a horse around the whipscock and rely

thereafter on the sagacity of the horse. It leaves all arms free! In effect the newly apportioned couples were cuddled up in their own small houses, for the Amish buggy is a kind of box on huggy wheels, large enough for, well, large enough for an Amish family to go a-riding in.

I knew now what a good reporter had to do. To get a story you have to get into it with both feet. Only an Amishman could interview an Amishman, or Amish woman? I would become an Amishman, even if it killed me.

I suspected that if Amish lovers talked at all, they talked Pennsylvania Dutch, of which I knew one word: *Hinkle*. But I knew the language of man-woman, and trusted I might get by with that. I wouldn't get killed, no matter what I might do, for Amish don't kill anybody. I could, I knew, look for passive resistance but I would get my story.

But how to start? I couldn't hire an Amish huggy, or run in some kind of ringer, for all Amish know the buggies and horses of all other local Amish. I must, therefore, be a local Amishman. One simply couldn't bribe an Amishman, nor talk him into what I had in mind. I had the inspiration to knock one out, take his huggy—and his girl—and see what happened, but gagged on the idea of hurting anyone who wouldn't hurt anybody else, except maybe with kindness.

Women, in my experience, dared the most. They were all for excitement, and I'd wager Amish women were no exception. I had pretty well in mind just which couples went to intercourse on Saturday night, and how sisters switched.

I printed a note and delivered it secretly, on the streets of Intercourse, to the Amish maiden with the merriest eyes.

"Just for fun, I'd like to change places with your brother on Saturday night. I'm harmless, really. Can you somehow ditch your brother and substitute me in your huggy? Don't answer now. Keep it secret. I'll show up and get in just before you reach the rendezvous at Intercourse next Saturday night."

The girl laughed gleefully and nodded her bonnet. I might be being taken for a terrific ride, for the Amish love to play jokes on nosey fancy-gay, but what else could I do?

The girl, call her Becca, did it in a simple direct manner. She sent her brother into a house in Intercourse on some errand, then then drove off and left him. She came swiftly into Intercourse. I got into the huggy awkwardly. She giggled with delight. The rain curtain was up, though

the sky was cloudless, star-filled.

"It is early," she whispered, "we ride a little first?"

I took the lines, but I had never driven even one horse, so she took the lines back, turned the horse into a sideroad leading straight into a farm—she knew her side-roads, I decided—and fastened the lines around the whipsocket. Then she sat very straightly, looking to the front, hands folded in her lap.

Whatever I had in mind from then on, she gave me no help whatever as to the first move. I turned toward her, fumbled at her bonnet. You can't get your face into a beaked bonnet where a face already is. I had never untied a bonnet, either, so she must have helped me. I began to sense interest in my efforts. The bonnet came off, but I'm not sure I caused its fall. Again she waited, now with the bonnet on her lap, covering her hands. She wasn't laughing, crying, giggling, anything.

I caught her in my arms and started smooching. She knew about smooching, to my surprise and delight. Under the black garments, then, was a passionate woman. Knowing this, and that she had deliberately brought this about, I started work in earnest. It was make-believe at first, but became a goal in life for the immediate future in about two minutes of kissing.

This girl wasn't afraid of life. She didn't fight me off, didn't squirm away, liked the kisses, dropped the bonnet on the huggy floor, put her hands behind my head and helped me all she could. She didn't fight off my hands, or struggle against anything I did.

But I got nowhere, except that I now knew something about a kind of "bundling" of which I had never hitherto heard. She was pinned into her clothes, and everywhere my fingers went, there was a pin to stick them.

"It is time to go back," she panted after awhile, "to take me to the Amishman I am to marry. It has been fun. It could be more fun, even if it is winter; if there were more time, and it wasn't *wrong*! But maybe you will do better with Katie."

My fingers pained me. I sucked them. I was angry. But I was game. I'd started something. I would finish it or know the reason why. Pricked fingers would not deter me all night. I'd return to my role as a "fancy" man with my shield or upon it.

There were many huggies at the place of rendezvous, in the shadows of a big store, now closed, where the understanding storekeeper had carefully not installed electric lights. Becca drove us into the

midst and I half expected her to betray me to the brothers of her girl friends. But she didn't. All rain curtains were up, so nobody could see who was who. Becca's brother apparently hadn't caught up with her yet.

A girl was running toward "my" huggy. Becca was out and running toward the huggy whence the other girl came running. I hoped Becca would do better for the Amishman than she did for me. I hoped that Katie might not be in the same fix.

Katie knew! I knew she knew because she took the lines. If she had thought her own Amish boyfriend was in the huggy, she'd have left driving to him. I thought, when she clocked up the horse, so that he trotted—whereas last time he had ambled as if he knew all of Becca's secrets and either approved or connived—that she was going right into the road I had just left with Becca. She didn't. She had a road of her own, doubtless Becca's brother's road.

Her bonnet was open. But nothing else was! Five keys? I didn't even know one. I could kiss and be kissed. I could hug and be hugged. I could strain and squirm and moan and he strained and squirmed and moaned at. I could hurt my fingers anew, and promptly did, because a man riding a yen can't remember everything. Besides, with Katie it might be different.

It wasn't. It was worse, for Katie put on an act that was something—and nothing, with a capital N. And with huxom Becca and huxom Katie it would have been something, if it had been anything. It was nothing. Nothing but the inner certainty that if I were either the boy friend of Becca or of Katie, if I were therefore an Amishman, I'd be sitting on top of this world.

"You do not figure it out awhile, my friend?" asked Katie.

"Be a nice girl and explain it to me!"

"If I did, could I also be a nice girl?"

"Do all Amish girls . . ."

"In winter all are supposed, yes. But it often wonders me if all *do*, especially on Saturday nights, with its rootchin' yet."

"Rootchin'?"

"Ask some friendly Amishman. But we've been doing it, up to a point. Now, we go back, and I do like you, so that I tell you of Lomie . . ."

"Lomie?"

"Short for Salome. It is said that she doesn't, always. Our brothers talk it around, but they may be fanning, giving

a lively girl a bad moment! Let us go back. Tonight is for being busy."

Katie took me back. She got out and ran, not to the buggy whence she had come, but to another. I was somewhat confused, but still game, and sore all over. I knew that the third girl who came running was Salome, Lonnie for short.

She took me into that first road, a little farther along the road, but little farther on the mysterious way to the goal I began to suspect I'd never attain. She took off her own bonnet, and she also knew about kisses; knew, in fact, so well that I began to have vast respect for the Amish.

But, dry run again, no dice. The impression was left in each case that all I needed was the combination and the will to work it. But nobody gave me a hint. Back we went, and I had now caught on. Becca had spilled to all the other girls, who had spilled to their brothers and boyfriends, and I had been taken into a huge joke—on all fancy-gay men whose minds were lower down than they should have been. But I played along, for I had a hunch that if I did, I'd be "in" with the Amish, and eventually anything could happen.

I called a halt with the sixth girl, though the seventh, laughing in high glee, stood beside the buggy, waiting her turn. I almost got somewhere with the sixth girl. I would have if she hadn't started crying. I can't stand tears. I can't make progress with a woman while she cries.

From buggies came Amish young men and women. My sixth attempt tossed this bit to the others when I was surrounded and the real owner of the buggy, Becca's brother, reached up and dropped the rain curtain:

"He's a softy," said Miss Six. "Even tears make him to not!"

The men showed me friendly teeth in big smiles. The girls giggled.

"He kisses good," said Katie, "but I could teach him."

"Okay, Amishmen and Amish ladies," I said. "The joke's on me. It may be sometime before I can laugh over it. But let me in on something, since I will be leaving tomorrow, or maybe even tonight. What's the big idea of all the armor?"

"Didn't the man at the bank tell you?" asked Becca's brother. "It's winter, when all Amish, male and female, fasten themselves into their clothing, underclothing especially. They fasten themselves in to 'stay!'"

"But surely you can . . ." I began.

"If you're Amish," Katie's brother

pointed out, "you can, yes, but you then know, yet!"

"Look," I said, "you can't tell me that girls fasten themselves in all winter like tonight. In an emergency . . ."

"Oh no," said Salome, "all the pins, maybe hundreds of them, were just for you, because we like you so much, Dannie. If you had been patient, one pin at a time . . . after all, they had to be put in one at a time!"

They laughed at me, all of them. I got out of the buggy and waited. The girls then got into the buggies with, I gathered, their proper partners. As all buggies cramped, and started off, Salome's broth-

er, or maybe her boyfriend, pulled up to let Salome lean out and sly me with a last question:

"Do not the fancy," she asked, "wear anything that simply buttons up the back?"

I needed a little time to take it in.

"You mean," I gasped, "if I had just reached around . . ."

"The gay, the fancy," said Salome, "could learn much of the niceties of indirection from us Amish!"

Salome clucked up her beau's horse, probably, I thought jealously, because he was already reaching for the buttons!

• • •



a couple quietly drinking scotch and soda across from the cigar smoker.

She made a studied effort at first, after a quick nose count of her fellow passengers, at being aloof. She threw off her tweed coat and draped it over an empty chair, fished in her handbag for ticket and cigarettes, got a cigarette going, exhaled theatrically, wriggled her rump into a more comfortable position, and beckoned the waiter.

"Bourbon and water, please," she said.

It was a crisp, efficient voice, the kind you hear in the carpeted inner offices of big business, the kind you'd associate immediately, if you'd ever heard it in action, with a cool and very competent private secretary.

The big man flicked ash from his cigar and cleared his throat.

"Make that two," he said. "This glass is empty."

It was a command, delivered in a pleasant enough deep voice, but it was a command nevertheless, and the attendant replied with a prompt "Yes, Sir," before he said "Yes, Ma'am," to the girl.

While the bourbon was coming, the conductor went through picking up tickets, and the train made protesting noises and stopped at Hawley. Half a dozen new passengers filed through the bar end of the car, threading past the tables, and moved on into the coaches. The train jerked, made sounds of protest again, and then lurched on down the valley.

For a minute you could hear ice clinking in the glasses in rhythm with the wheels on the rail joints. Then the big man ran his hand over his balding pate, took a long swallow from his glass, and observed in the same commanding voice: "Pretty slim crowd tonight."

It was addressed to no one in particular, but it was obvious he was speaking to the girl. She looked straight ahead for a minute, trying to appear surprised, but it didn't fool anyone.

You wouldn't have said, off-hand, that she was on the make. Not if you could find a more respectable phrase for it, anyway. She smoothed down her sweater and tweed skirt and smiled back at the dark blue suit. It was a smile you figured she'd been practising for quite a few years, the hopeful one of a girl who was getting worried about having a man to take care of around the office five days a week, but no man around the house nights and weekends.

"Yes," she agreed. "It's practically empty. The bar car, I mean. I don't think I've ever seen it like this. By the time I get out at Hilton, I usually have to fight for a seat."

The man clumped on his cigar, removed it to study the now fraying end for a second, and reached for his drink.

"Nicer when it's not crowded," he said. "I normally go down Monday morning. Only take this when I have an early appointment."

"Oh, I always take this one," the girl said. "I love weekends in the country, but I like to wake up in my own bed Monday morning and be all set for a fresh week."

The bar car attendant shuffled around the tables, emptying ash trays and hoping for business. The big man tapped his arm.

"Let's have two more," he said, generally. He yanked a pair of dark-rimmed glasses from his breast pocket, put them on and peered down the car at the girl, two tables away.

"You'll have another, won't you?" he offered, waving his cigar.

SHE SAID:

"What I've got came from eating spaghetti."

—Sophia Loren

"Oh, really," she answered with a little laugh. "I don't know why you have to do that!"

"Well," he boomed. "I don't know why not. A man shouldn't drink alone, you know." He turned to the attendant, who was still looking hopeful. "Two more," he said. "They're both on my check."

"That's very kind of you," the girl protested. "But I'm used to buying my own on the train." It was the kind of protest nobody takes seriously.

The big man didn't. He edged out of his chair and moved down to the one next to her. The cigar was well chewed by now and had gone out; it smelled like nothing better than a dead cigar, but he relit it, anyway. When it was going again he unbuttoned his vest and looked expansive. If he had suddenly begun dictating a letter, the girl undoubtedly would have

grabbed a notebook and pencil from her purse and started taking it down. But the business at hand was a fresh supply of bourbon the mousy attendant was uncapping.

They clicked glasses and drank.

"Always like to find somebody interesting to talk to on trains," the man said. "I travel a lot, you know. We just got back from the Coast, San Francisco. Wonderful city. We always love to go back."

She frowned into her glass while she took in the word "we," then decided to pay no attention to it. It had been a long time since a strange man bought her a drink, and why spoil it? She wasn't getting any more alluring, and each week on the beverage car back to the city (Runs Sunday Nights Only, it said on the timetable) was getting to be monotony.

She heard the big man talking on about travel, and suddenly she discovered her glass was empty again. It shocked her efficient sense of order for a moment; usually she made two bourbons last all the way into Grand Central. Then the big man was calling for another round and she told herself O.K., the hell with it; it is Sunday night only.

After a while he was patting her gently on the hand and telling her that she ought to travel, too. She began feeling feminine and possessive—not like a private secretary, but like a woman—and she reached over and took the stub of cigar out of his fingers.

"You really don't want to smoke that any more," she said. "I love to see a man smoke a cigar, but not when they reach that stage."

He looked at the cigar in hurt amazement, and then laughed, an indulgent, booming laugh.

"I'm sorry, my dear," he said, reaching into his coat. "I have a fresh one right here. Do you have any matches?"

By now the waiter had uncapped the fifth round of bourbon and the glasses were already half empty. The girl had to turn away to find her purse, and it required a little concentration. The big man looked at his drink and then at hers, made a deft movement, and suddenly her glass was almost full and his was equally empty. When she turned to him with the matches he was leaning back, smiling at her.

It was a nice smile, and under the circumstances, very warming. She felt good, and wondered why she had gotten into the

I The Fool (Continued from page 37)

Quickly I smashed the whiskey bottle over his head. His hard laughter boomed out as he kicked me in the stomach.

"Hard!" he bellowed jovially. "Just the hard guy I needed."

I spit into his hard eyes and ducked as it bounced back. He was really hard. "Okay," he said heavily. He stood up, dug into his wallet and took out some bills.

"You're a pretty tough egg, Yammer," he said softly. "But don't let me down. I wouldn't like it."

He placed the money on my desk. "Another thing," he said. "You grin too damn much. Stop it. It gets on my nerves." He picked me up and threw me against the wall. "Besides, it makes you look like a mentally retarded ape," he observed as he closed the door behind him.

I lay there a few minutes, the blood running down my face. I like a client like that. Didn't have to waste time talking. The big fellow knew what he wanted and how to get it. I wished I had remembered to ask what he wanted. It helps when I know what a client is paying me for.

Mildly I wondered what his name was. Maybe I should have asked him. On the other hand, questions might irritate him and I was aching enough already.

I picked myself up, checked my .45, took a healthy swig of rye, then stepped into the outer office. Zelda was laughing uproariously over the comic strips. She stopped abruptly when she saw me and a look of fear flashed across her eyes.

"I couldn't help it," she whimpered. "It was Dick Tracy."

"Okay," I said curtly. "But one more laugh in this office and you're through." I grinned. "Anyway, one detective in this dump is enough."

"Yes, boss," she cringed. "It won't happen again."

I threw her a fan. "There's your pay," I told her. "Put the change in petty cash."

She grabbed the bill and stashed it between her breasts. "God!" she murmured passionately. "Why do I love you so!"

I thought it over honestly. "I guess you can't help yourself, Baby. It's my boyish charm."

"I know, I know," she sobbed. "It tears at me. It hurts—all over."

I grinned as my eyes gorged themselves on her luscious shape. Boy, she was stacked. She watched me with the tip of

her tongue clenched between her teeth. She was beautiful with the kind of curves that carried their own warning. I could feel heat creeping up my body while another part of me chilled. I felt like a dual-control electric blanket. I wanted to kiss her, but with Zelda I didn't take chances. She was one of those dames who bite. I pinched her hard, grinned at her and walked out.

I rang for the elevator. The operator was a cute little number I had never seen before. Her slacks were tight, revealing every curve she had. Her blouse was transparent with nothing on underneath. I liked what it showed.

"You're new, aren't you?" I asked.

Her hot eyes slowly traveled up and down my six feet of yearning manhood. Slowly she closed the door, smiled inscrutably, then passionately flung herself into my arms.

"Kiss me, fool," she whispered intensely. I realized then that somehow she knew me. I felt her hot lips crushing mine, then her body went limp as she fell into a dead faint. I grinned as I gently lowered her to the floor, drove the elevator down and stepped into the lobby.

"There's a body in the elevator," I told Venus, the starter. "I think it's still living."

Venus looked at me provocatively. Venus, named for the goddess of love and living up to everything said about this dream deity whose caresses drove mere mortals wild! "Is that the way you always leave them?" she teased.

"Why don't you find out?" I asked.

"All right," she agreed. "Let's go."

We stepped into the elevator.

Ten seconds later I was walking through the lobby again. I stopped at the counter to buy cigarettes.

"Better call the supe," I advised Doty, "And tell him there are two bodies in the elevator. They're in swell shape too."

"My, what a man," breathed Doty. "How about giving me a break?"

I looked her over. She was gorgeous and had a figure that would haunt the dreams of any man. But I was too busy feeling a little tired.

"Some other time, Precious. I'm busy now."

She burst into tears and cut her throat.

I grinned as I pondered a moment over this fatal charm of mine. It was tough for a kid like Doty, who hadn't been around much, to resist it. She was probably het-

ter off with her throat slashed.

I stepped out into the hard glare of Main Street.

"Well, if it isn't Ike Yammer, the snoop-in' sleuth," a sneering voice said behind me. "Just when I was looking for him too."

It was Rosetti from the Homicide squad. He hated me and made no effort to hide his hatred. Ever since I had found the missing police station after it had been stolen from under his nose, he had had it in for me. He always claimed I had swiped it just to make a monkey out of him, although what the hell I'd do with a police station—or a monkey—was never explained.

"What's the matter?" I grinned. "Some-one swipe your badge?"

Rosetti reddened. "Wise guy," he scowled. "Get in the car."

"What for?"

"Resisting arrest, eh?" he snarled. "I've always wanted to knock that dopey grin off your face." His nightstick crashed against my head. O'Hara, his partner, leaped out of the car, swinging his club.

His fist tightened around his nightstick. I closed my eyes. It's easier that way, I found. Don't get so much of a headache. As I waited for the blow to land, a welcome voice broke in. "Hey, what's going on here?"

I opened my eyes. It was my pal, my buddy, my dearest friend, Bat Rooms, captain of homicide. "Boy, am I glad to see you," I breathed. "Another minute and I would have taken these gorillas of yours apart."

Bat held O'Hara back as the copper lunged for me. "Cut it out," he said sternly. He jerked his head toward me. "What'd Ike do now?"

O'Hara turned to Rosetti. "Hey, wadda we want the punk for?"

Rosetti, who had been heating a tattoo on my ribs, paused in his activities. "Geez, I don't know. Don't you?"

O'Hara scratched his head perplexedly. "Hell, no. I thought it was your pinch."

Rosetti released his grip on my throat and I sank to the pavement. "You're lucky this time," he told me. "But just watch your step 'cause one of these days I'm going to get you good." He waved to Bat. "So long, Captain."

We watched them as they piled into their car and drove away. Then Bat turned to me as I managed to stagger to my feet. "Ike," he said stiffly. "We've been friends a long time. But I'm warning you, one more prank like this and, pal or no pal, I'm getting your license."

I grinned at him. "Okay, Bat, old pal, old chum, old buddy. But just give me

five hours and I'll have the case wide open and you'll get all the credit."

He looked at me a long moment. "Okay, Ike," he said finally. "Five hours it is. But if you fail me it means my badge and your license. The D.A. is just waiting for us to slip."

"I won't fail," I said softly. I grinned at him. "Yammer and Rooms! Hell, we'll drive the D.A. nuts."

"Good," Bat said tersely. "Incidentally," he asked. "What's the case about?"

I thought a minute then grinned at him again. "Give me an extra hour and I'll find that out too."

He stuck out his hand. "It's a deal, Ike. Just don't fail me."

We shook hands. "And one more thing, Ike," he begged. "Stop grinning at me, will you? Whenever I see that idiotic leer I feel like moving over to the D.A.'s side."

"Sure, Bat," I grinned. "Anything you say."

He clenched his fists, sighed, shook his head, then drove off. I was bloody as hell and I figured I better go back to the office and clean up.

There was another new girl driving the elevator and she looked startled at the blood dripping from my hanged-up face.

"You're bleeding," she observed.

"Yeah. It's nerves. You're new here, aren't you?"

She nodded vigorously. "I'm a nymphomaniac too," she said proudly.

"Not now," I told her. "I'm not at my best this minute."

"I'm also a dope fiend," she added hopefully.

I shook my head. "Sorry. Maybe some other time."

She pouted.

"You're a rat," she said as she pulled out a pearl-handle 25 and shot me in the left knee.

I gave her a hard right to the chin and she sagged to the floor.

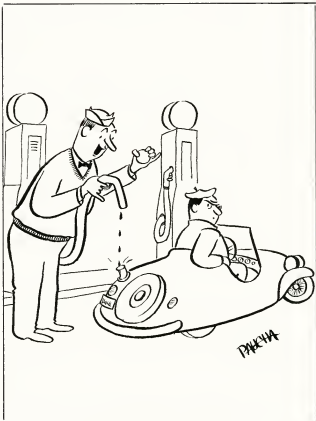
"Lover man," she drooled tenderly. "Why can't I resist you? Kick me, fool."

"The hell with you," I snarled.

I took the elevator up to my floor and got out, leaving her on the floor gazing adoringly at me.

As soon as I opened my door and saw Zelda's dead body, I knew something was wrong. I started to turn. A blackjack came whirling out of nowhere and crashed against my head, fracturing my skull—I hadn't had time to shut my eyes. I fell on my hands and knees, pulled out my .45 and shot the intruder. He crashed to the floor and lay still.

I crawled over to get a better look at him. It was my client.



"...two miles—three miles—four miles..."

"What the hell did you slag me for?" I scowled.

"Find out, shamus," he sneered. "That's what I'm paying you for." His eyes rolled and he died.

It was a hell of a mess. I hate to have my clients die on me, even when I do the killing. I had the case solved okay and the guy's identity figured out. I realized he had shot the guy who had stolen the necklace from the duke who had killed the duchess at the request of the mayor's grandmother who was the fence for the Big Shot. This case would blow the whole town wide open.

My client had hired me because he figured then he'd be the last guy I'd suspect. But he had realized I was getting too close for comfort and had tried to jump me off. Now he lay there, his blood making a mess out of my new rug. I grinned. This

case was going to blow the whole town wide open.

I turned to Zelda. A comic book lying next to her body told me she had laughed herself to death over the adventures of Superman. She had always said the guy would be the death of her. My client knew this and, because he knew who she was, had planted Superman in the office expecting her to pick up the thing, with the expected result. But his rubbing her out didn't mean a thing. What he didn't know was that I knew who Zelda was too. She was the mayor's grandmother—the brains behind the Big Shot. Boy, would this case blow the whole town wide open!

I didn't know what to do next. My nose was broken, my skull fractured and my knee bone was in splinters from the elevator girl's bullet. I figured I ought to go to a movie and relax a while. ● ● ●

How to Be an International Playboy

(Continued from page 27)

So, within a few months, you are ready. Your name is well known and physically you are ready for whatever adventures may be waiting for you. Now you're on your own.

Pack your clippings in a suntan attache case and pack your clothes in a dashing flight bag and pick a destination—let's say Monte Carlo. Just before you run out without paying your bill, have your press agent get coverage of your departure and wire the wire service office in Monte Carlo that you're coming.

So there you are in Monte Carlo, and if your press agent did his work, you shouldn't be in your hotel room more than 15 minutes before you get an invitation to a fancy cocktail party.

It's make or break now. Be your most exotic, most mysterious, most aloof, most charming.

When you meet a girl, don't give her a tumble. But do it in a sexy way.

When you take a drink, knock it off in one swallow.

When you gamble, win.

When you dance, look in her eyes with a sneer. But dance divinely.

When you go home, go home alone. The first night. You don't want to get a bad reputation until after you're big enough to afford one.

Always have a sophisticated answer for any question. Here is the never-before-released Monte Carlo Sophisticated Answer Kit:

Q: Tell me, Mr. Hopper, will there be a war?

A: *Listen, babe, there may not be a war but if you keep looking at me like that, we may have a skirmish.*

Q: Tell me, Mr. Hopper, how do you like Monte Carlo?

A: *Listen, babe, until you walked in I figured Monte Carlo was just Coney Island without the hot dogs.*

Q: Tell me, Mr. Hopper, where did you get all those muscles?

A: *Listen, babe, I got 'em the same place you got yours.*

Q: Tell me, Mr. Hopper, who do you like in the fourth race?

A: *The winner.*

Q: Oh, Clod, please come up to my room after the party.

A: *Don't mind if I do.*

With those answers—assuming you get asked the right questions—you can't fail.

Now you are a recognized playboy. You

follow the crowd from Monte Carlo to Cannes, from Cannes to Capri, from Capri wherever they go. What kind of a life is it?

It's a good life, by and large. You generally travel in a first-class yacht, with first-class girls as cabin-mates. You drink champagne for breakfast, aperitifs for lunch, cocktails in the afternoon and champagne again for dinner. Food you don't get but you're never thirsty. You bask in the sun, stay up until dawn, swim, fish, loll, gamble, drink, make love—it's a good dirty life.

But it has its drawbacks, like everything else. You may have a tendency to grow bored after the first few years. There's no chance to exercise your brains, except in solving an occasional murder or international spy case. Once in a while you may yearn for the good, wholesome stimulus of an income tax form to fill out.

And you'll never know love—real, true, once-in-a-lifetime love. There'll be countless girls, each one lovelier than the last, each one flinging herself at your feet (and other parts), each one different and yet all the same. They are glamorous, well built, sophisticated, good companions on a yacht or in a game room or on the beach.

But they can't talk about anything except the latest international-playboy-set gossip. They don't know the joys of a night at the movies. They can't cook. They don't know the simple pleasures of holding hands or a first kiss. All they can do is go to bed with you. After a while, you long to hear the word "No," but you'll never hear it.

And there's another, dreadful drawback to the career. There's no future in it, no job security, no severance pay when one day you wake up and you're old. There's never been an old playboy.

It'll happen suddenly. The night before everything has been fine—you've been gay, charming, successful and you've gone to bed with a lovely redhead who is the divorced wife of the caraway seed king. In the morning, though, you look in the mirror and you're old—that sophisticated gray around the temples has spread all over the head; those attractive lines around the eyes have become wrinkles; the eyes have lost their sparkle—they're old, tired, rheumy eyes.

And that night, everyone else notices it. The redhead gets sick to her stomach when she realizes she's made love to an

old man. Your friends help you into chairs. Your enemies just laugh. You sit there, alone—alternately pitied and scorned. It isn't long before there are no more invitations, no more yachts, no more free booze.

Your future? For a few years, you'll hang around the fringes of international playboyism—cudging free drinks, growing seedier and seedier, making yourself heartily disliked. Then you'll wind up as a beachcomber, a broken figure in a tattered tuxedo, sleeping on the sand, living on seaweed and an occasional turtle egg. You'll die of exposure.

"And how old will you be when this tragic end overtakes you? Perhaps 50—but 50 is very old in those gay circles. Your grave will be forgotten and unmarked.

But suppose you blind yourself to that fate. Look on the bright side of things—the girls, the gambling, the drinking. For the 20 years or so that you can practice the profession, it's a life beyond compare. And you don't even need a union card to get started.

• • •

The Playboy Kings

(Continued from page 26)

was invited and he accepted. The sky was the limit and even that part of the firmament it later developed, was removed. The game was held at the Cercle des Caupucines, on Boulevard des Caupucines, a stone's throw from Place de l'Opéra.

Given a different setting, it could have been a good old-fashioned wild and woolly western crooked poker game with guns a-blazing. Nothing like that, of course, in this dignified entourage. Some scoundrel had used marked cards—cold-decked in our Western melodrama, with the victim naturally Leopold. Stuck for a cool half million dollars, Leopold hollered plenty. But when he was reminded there was only one culprit and since none knew him the better policy was for Leopold to pay the "innocent" players who had nothing to do with one man's chicanery and hush up the incident.

Leopold reluctantly liquidated his obligations but the matter didn't end there. The unpleasant affair leaked out and be-

came a "cause celebre." It had its greatest effect on Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, who dispatched an emissary to Paris with instructions to thoroughly investigate the matter and report directly to him.

Most reigning royal families were interrelated and it was customary at the time to make male members honorary officers in crack regiments. Edward VII, for instance, was honorary Colonel in one of the Kaiser's elite regiments.

Indignant at the scandal, Wilhelm, who had a strong dislike for France from a political standpoint and a personal distaste for Frenchmen in general whom he considered unmoral and immoral, also for French women whom he accused of lacking in decency, issued an order of the day under his own signature. He referred to no one in particular, although none had any doubt who he had in mind, forbidding officers attached to German regiments to frequent French gambling houses.

A few days later, a nobleman, one of the players in the game, committed suicide leaving no notes or explanation. His silent message from the grave was an admission of guilt, screamed newspaper headlines. Not a soul believed it.

Meanwhile Edward, infuriated by the Kaiser's action, pressed the Entente Cordiale with France and the triple alliance—England—France and Russia—which although it never became a treaty, proved very effective in World War I.

But in those gay days, who thought of a World War? The merry monarchs continued to play.

One of them became infatuated with La Tortajada, great Spanish dancer, then the toast of Paris. At every performance a loge was reserved for our merry monarch so he could watch the lady's contours at close range.

One night he sent her his card backstage on the back of which he wrote in French: "Quand-Ou Comblen" (When-Where-How Much?). The lady sent back her own card on the back of which she wrote in Spanish: "A donde quieres—Quando quieres—Por nada" (When you like, Where you like—For nothing).

A few nights later the audience gasped with admiration when they saw a string of perfectly matched Oriental pearls adorning her lovely neck!

A favorite afternoon pastime, where you could meet all the crown heads of Europe at one time or other, were the salons of Worth and Paquin, the world's two leading fashion houses, now replaced by Christian Dior, Jacques Fath and others.

Manuel of Portugal might drop in with vivacious Gaby Deslys, or Leopold with glorious Cleo de Merode. You may be sure you wouldn't have had to wait too long ere the Duke of Lancaster or Alfonso of Spain walked in accompanied by one of Europe's beauties.

Both Paquin and Worth did things in the grandiose manner worthy of their clientele. The salons were delicately perfumed. Scantly garbed, young and fresh mademoiselles, looking like so many animated dolls, served champagne and pate de fois gras and caviar sandwiches. They could well afford it. If one of their illustrious customers was in the right mood he might (and often did) spend \$50,000 at a clip on a wardrobe for a new charmer.

They had another good reason for feeling at home in this atmosphere. After all, it was Louis XIV who founded the "couturier" Guilds. In Louis' day, when men's clothes cost even more than women's, he sent his courtiers and their wives to every Court in Europe with instructions to display their finery to the best advantage and thus steer the fashion trade to Paris. He succeeded so well, it has been the world's center of fashion ever since.

At the houses of Worth and Paquin any whim could be satisfied. The Empress Eugenie, when "encciente," desired a dress which would as much as possible hide her condition. Worth designed the crinoline which not only served the requirements of the Empress but became a popular universal fashion which lasted close on a century. It was, in fact, the great great grandmother of the present day exaggerated hoop skirt.

Nicholas I of Montenegro seldom left his kingdom. When he did it was to visit Paris. His country totalled 350,000 inhabitants and he said he knew them all personally. He was the most unregal monarch I ever saw.

Strong as an ox, he upset the equanimity of proud monarchs by slapping them on the back with a mighty thud and inviting them to the Bois de Boulogne at six in the morning for a wrestling match on the dewy grass. They knew better than to accept and begged out which made him roar with laughter until the windows rattled. He hated champagne but loved good rich wine which he drank by the bucketful and always stayed sober.

Women didn't interest him—at least not those found in Paris. I once heard him say he liked them rough, tough and buxom and was afraid he'd break French (Continued on page 58)

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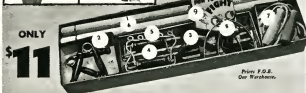
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the crushed mint and pack the glass or cup with finely cracked ice—as fine as you can crack it. Over this trickle pure Kentucky bourbon—two ounces of it or more—and stir. As the frost forms on the cup or glass, push a goodly number of mint sprigs into the ice. Sip with reverence—and with your nose buried in the mint.

As loveable old Uncle Benny was stirring, loveable old Colonel Hemingway carefully explained that there are many different ways of making juleps as there are brands of bourbon.

"But this, son," he declared, beating his shirtless bosom, "is the only honest, authentic — authentic, ah say! — mint julep!"

There was a murmuring in the distance that sounded like an anvil chorus of protests with accents ranging from Maryland to Georgia, and we were about to remark to Lady Rounseville that the natives seemed restless tonight when Benny interrupted.

"Yo julep, suh," he genuflected.

We raised our cup to Lady R. and the Colonel, buried our nose in the mint, and inhaled a healthy belt of nectar.

"Hoohah!" we exclaimed, as the elixer of the Old South trickled down among the Miltown. We shook our head in wonderment.

"That," we said, "went down just like Grant took Richmond."

There was an electric silence, a remarkable phenomenon in view of the fact the mansion was lighted by whale oil. Then the loveable old Colonel, transformed in a trice to an apoplectic old Colonel, hoisted himself from his rocker, and hurled his julep cup at our head.

"Out, damn carpet-bagger!" he screamed at us. "Begone, you Yankee despoiler of the flower of the South's mint beds!"

Muttering a hasty "Up the rebels!" to Lady Rounseville by way of explanation for such unseemly conduct, we left Colonel Hemingway sobbing in the arms of faithful Uncle Benny. As we picked our way through the fields of cotton, we were hard-pressed for an inspiring hostility to which we could squire Lady R. to dinner.

The ice from the Colonel's julep cup had trickled down inside our shirt and the cotton was sticking to our ears, but suddenly we realized that it's an ill wind that cotton bolls no good. Uncle Benny's Bar & Grill (he ran it to support the old Colonel) was in the neighborhood, and

Uncle Benny serves the finest shrimp dish this side of Taylor's Tavern (or the other side of it, for that matter).

"Quick," we said. "Through this clump of cottonwood; the horses are waiting."

Uncle Benny's place is nestled in the piney woods just off the intercoastal waterway, and he greeted us as if the incident at the Hemingway Plantation had never happened. The old Colonel, who was working the check room at this time with an alpaca coat hiding his shirtless chest, was another story, so we won't tell it here. Suffice it to say that he tried to pinch Lady Rouseville's aquamarine pendant, but she had the wind up and all he got for his efforts was a sharp elbow in the midriff.

At the cozy bar, tastefully decorated with framed prints of one-eyed catshoula hound dogs, we sipped bone dry and snapping cold martinis (you know how to make a martini by now, junior). After a sticky pause, during which I slipped Uncle a few bennys and threatened to expose his marijuanna concession to Broderick Crawford, we were smuggled into the gallery to watch—and record for you—the making of Shrimp Toller:

For two people (what do you want, a party?) take one pound of tiny shrimp, shelled and deveined. Marinate for a couple of hours in lemon juice and olive oil, half and half, enough to cover. Then drain, reserving the marinade. Sauté the shrimp lightly in a good-

ly dollop of melted butter in which a garlic clove has been speared on a toothpick. When the shrimp are pink, remove them to a hot platter, discarding garlic but leaving the butter in the pan. Now add the marinade to the butter, along with half a cup of blanched, chopped unsalted almonds, a healthy swig of Tabasco sauce, and a couple of tablespoons of dry vermouth. Stir until blended. When the sauce bubbles, pour over the shrimp and surround the platter with the rice you've been cooking meantime (what've you been doing, just standing there, drooling?). Stir the chopped chives into the rice at the last minute before you dish it up.

With this pink and white platter with its smattering of green, Uncle Benny served hot garlic bread and a leafy green salad. We split a bottle of chilled dry Chablis wine with Lady Rounselle as we supped, although purists may claim that the olive oil blunts your wine sense and with a dish such as this you should have ale.

Thus surfeited, we lunged away into the night, and as we hid a fond farewell to Uncle Benny, we could hear a dulcet chant of native music off-stage. It was Uncle Benny's faithful retainer, Old Colonel Hemingway, slobbering over tomorrow's entries at Narragansett Park. It sounded like he was figuring to win a mint on Carpet-bagger in the fifth.



women in half if he so much as touched them. I am sure he came to Paris only to see Alfonso.

They were great friends. Nicholas was a tremendous eater. So was Alfonso, who no doubt inherited his appetite from his Bourbon ancestors. Whenever Alfonso and Nicholas met, they had their eating contest. This even was looked forward to like the World Series, or the Kentucky Derby. Chefs concocted special dishes for it, while monarchs made the trip to Paris especially to attend.

At a banquet hall in a fashionable hotel, the accredited judges watched the progress of the two contestants, making notes and suggesting how much or how highly amusing and the feast lasted for hours. Nicholas never had won, but that wasn't enough to deter him from trying.

They sat opposite each other like two gargantuan while the greatest chefs of Paris placed choicest viands before them. Nicholas was a big, healthy man who could eat and drink, but Alfonso had the

class and background.

Louis XIV, when too old to partake of feasts himself, had sent men out to find France's biggest eaters and, irrespective of social position, bring them to his palace so he could serve them a feast and enjoy watching them eat it. Another ancestor, Louis XVI, when his Swiss guards were fighting the populace in defense of the Tuileries and hundreds were being killed on both sides, glanced at the clock and said: "It is exactly seven o'clock. Why then has supper not yet been served?"

What chance did Nicholas have against Alfonso with such a background? No wonder he never won.

World War I rocked thrones; World War II crumpled most of them in the dust never to rise again. The age of super-elegance has gone, for the men rich enough to play the game of the royal playboys are too busy making more millions—and eating soda mints for their dyspepsia. ● ● ●

Advice to the Loveworn (Continued from page 28)

mean little; what counts are such things as character, kindness, money. If she suits you in other ways, forget about her headful of scalp. Buy her a wig for a wedding present and live happily ever after. Just keep her home in a high wind.

● ● ●

Dear Mr. Wan:

I fell in love with a beautiful redhead last week. This week, when we had a date to get a marriage license, she met me as a brunette. I don't think that's cricket. I don't know what she is really—maybe I'm marrying a pig in a poke. What'll I do?

COLORBLIND

Dear Colorblind:

The thing to do is put your foot down. Tell her you want her to make up her head—decide on a color and stick to it. Tell her you don't care what she is, redhead, brunette or blonde, but you don't want any of this quick-change nonsense. Insist on your rights. Express your manly domination. Lay down the law. Then you'd better see where you can get hair dyes wholesale.

● ● ●

Dear Mr. Wann:

I've been married two weeks to this girl, my high school sweetheart. We've

been going together since we both spent three straight terms in the freshman year. Then we spent a couple of years in every year. We graduated last year—we're both 37. Now we've gotten married, figuring we can work our way through college and law school together. It'll be fun. Or at least I thought it would be fun until last night. Then my wife spoiled everything—she said she was smarter than me. Or than I. And that's ridiculous because I'm the brainy one in the family. I think I'd better annul the marriage, on the grounds of fraud. Do you agree?

HIGH IQ

Dear High IQ:

Well, in words of one syllable, which I imagine I had better use in this case, NO. N-O. It makes no difference in true love which pair has the more efficient cranial equipment—brains. Marriage doesn't require intelligence. Any fool can get married and most of them do. You can best show your intelligence by learning to live with that birdbrain you call your wife. The smart guy knows enough to keep his mouth shut and let his wife talk all she wants to. Let her bragging go in one ear and out the other—which should be easy for you, because there can't be anything to stop its flow.

Dear Mr. Wan:

How high is up? I got a problem in altitude. I'm in love with a girl who is a center on a professional basketball team. She's 6'6"—and I'm a normal 5'9½". When we dance, I come up to her uniform lettering, which is a funny place to come up to. She says I should get elevator shoes, but I think a better idea would be to saw off about a foot of her legs. Anyhow, we've reached an impasse—yet we do love each other. She has nice eyes, when I can see them. Got any suggestions?

STIFF NECK

Dear Stiff Neck:

Of course, you could get married—someone has once said that marriage is a great leveller. In other words, height doesn't matter so much in a horizontal position. But I can see that your life together would be one embarrassment after another. I think, therefore, that you really should throw her over. It might be tough but in the long run it's the best thing for both of you. Then you can find yourself a nice short girl and she can play basketball. She'll probably be hurt and unhappy for a while, but give her a couple of three-point plays and she'll forget.

● ● ●

Dear Mr. Wan:

I am very beautiful, with a sensational figure and long golden hair that reaches to my hips. My boy friend wants me to cut it off—he says, and I quote, "I want a girl, not a Shetland pony." But my hair is my treasure. I can't part with it. Is he right in his cruel demand?

BRUSHIN' BERTHA

Dear Brushin' Bertha:

He's probably one of those monsters who'd like to see you in a crew-cut. I think a girl with long golden hair down to the hips is one of nature's fairest creations. Keep it. Nurture it. Treasure it. And if the boy friend doesn't like it, strangle him with a few spare tresses.

● ● ●

Dear Mr. Wan:

I am a frail girl. I do not like sports, except certain indoor ones. I am currently engaged to a boy who likes to water ski—he wrote a book entitled "Over the Waves With Christiana and Shalom." And he says if I don't learn to water ski, it's curtains. My problem is, I prefer drapes. What should I do? MOLLY MUSCLES

Dear Molly Muscles:

I presume you mean that you are faced with an ultimatum—water ski with your fiancé or no more fiancé. The decision, my dear, is yours. If you love him enough, you must conquer your fear and learn to water ski. If you love your safety more than your man, tell him to go jump in the lake, something he can probably do with skill. I will not presume to advise you. You must search your heart. The answer is down there somewhere, probably in the left ventricle. If you decide to stick with him and his infernal device, just be sure your hospitalization insurance is in good standing.

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

I put my foot in it with Matilda last night. Matilda is my girl, a long, lean, lanky lass with lots of love. Her hobby is sewing and last night she showed up in a thing that looked like a low-cut potato sack. So I said to her, "Matilda, that thing your wearing looks like an off-the-shoulder feed bag." And she said to me, "Louie, I made this here gown and if you don't like it get out of here and take your pajamas with you." The only thing I wonder about is my name is George and I don't wear pajamas. Do you think she is trying to make me jealous?

NO-PAJAMAS GEORGE

Dear No-Pajamas George:

No, I think she is being frank. Or, rather, being Louie. Might as well face it, pal, Matilda has other hobbies besides sewing. If I were you, I'd get out and take Louie's pajamas with you.

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

Seventeen times in our 17 years of marriage, my husband has gone off for two weeks in the spring to a convention of his society, The International Order of Queer Ducks. He comes back pooped, broke and hung over. The other day I chanced into the Public Library and chanced to the reference department and chanced to a book that lists all fraternal orders. I looked up the IOQD and there ain't no such. What goes on? QUERULOUS

Dear Querulous:

Dear lady, your husband is simply practicing the age-old gambit known as "while-the-cat-is-away, the-cat-has-a-helluva-time." He's catting around, that's all. I imagine that for the other 50 weeks of the year, he's a



model husband. Let him have his two weeks for a fling. It gets the wild oats out of his system and means that you have a perfect mate the rest of the year. And, by the way, what do you do those two weeks he's gone? Let me know next time and maybe I can give you some personal help.

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

My mother says it's not nice to kiss boys on the first date. It seems nice to me. I'm 17 and after all you're only young once. My mother seems to kiss her dates the first time. She's 24. When I get to be 24, will it be all right to kiss on the first date? JUNIOR MISS

Dear Junior Miss:

I think you're mother is spoofing you. I bet she's 26 if she's a day. And if I were you I'd ask her why she doesn't think it's right to kiss boys on the first date. I hate to be put in the position of contradicting your

mother, but, speaking as a hoy, I think kissing is fine on the first date. I would even go further. If I could.

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

My girl friend keeps hinting about marriage and wedding rings and wedding licenses and stuff like that. I have no intention of getting married. I like things the way they are. We have all the advantages of marriage without the drawbacks. How can I ease her mind?

NONCOMFORMIST

Dear Nonconformist:

When you get one of those marriage-happy girls, you're in trouble. Here's the solution I've used many times: Give her a ring, tell her she can consider herself a wife, take her off your income tax, then say, "Now that you're my wife, take that." Then hit her in the face with a custard pie or a lamh chop. She'll get the idea.

* * *

Diamond Dust (Continued from page 5)

We have just finished our third or fourth helping of JD's exotic new Food & Drink Dept. (page 32) and after re-reading the flight through the cotton fields, we're forced to record for you the historic last words of Eli Whitney:

"Keep your dirty cotton-pickin' hands off my gin!"

* * *

People are always saying things we wish we'd said (and very often we do, anyway).

The other day, for instance, we heard of an indignant woman who boarded a New York subway and found the last seat in the train was occupied by a bass fiddle. She glared at the man sitting next to it—he was obviously the owner; he looked like a cleft dweller—and snarled:

"Why don't you take up the piccolo, man, so somebody else could sit down?"

* * *

Why a bull fiddle should disturb a subway rider, though, we don't know for sure. Just about everything else is toted in New York's underground. We keep seeing mothers pushing babies in perambulators, and we keep wondering how they get the little darlings through the turnstiles without leaving lumps on their noggins. Only last week we were sitting on a downtown express, mulling over the problem, when a dog started barking at us. The dog turned out to be in a small satchel with a screen door, but nevertheless we were so unnerved we got out at the next station.

* * *

Safe on the platform, we got to thinking that we'd at least never seen a horse in the subway. And why not? After all we have heard of a horse who went to the movies. Well, not really; somebody told us about it in a saloon in Upper Sandusky, Ohio, but maybe you'll be interested.

Seems this man went to the neighborhood flicker and bought two tickets, one

for himself, one for his horse. Well, they called the manager and he said no oats at first, but the man kept pleading and saying what a wonderful horse it was and how well-behaved it was and all that, and if they'd just let the two of them in they'd see.

Finally the manager relented, but he warned he'd be watching from the back row and one whinny, ham-bam, out they went.

There wasn't a whinny, and when the show was over the man and the horse came up the aisle together, and the horse had a smile like a Derby winner.

"He sure looks as if he enjoyed the show," said the manager, somewhat mollified, and even a bit non-plussed.

"That's what staggers me," said the man. "He didn't like the book at all."

* * *

Jem Dandy is a long way from retiring, but when he does he has his life all cut out for him.

He got the word from a town down in Mississippi, where the cat population was getting so out of hand they had to call in an animal expert. The expert snooped around and finally pinned the booming feline birth rate on a raffish old tom cat, so he called the old tom into his office and made a deal with him to retire on a nice fat pension of milk and old catfish heads.

The town was pleased, and the expert took his fee and left. But in a year the cat population had doubled again, and they wired for the expert to come back on the double.

Right off he rounded up the old tom.

"Look here," he demanded, "I made a swell deal with you to retire, and you're still at it. What the hell is going on?"

"So," purred the old tom, stroking his whiskers. "What's wrong with being a consultant?"

• • •

At the appointed time, spaceships appeared above each of the cities and, despite the attacks swarms of jets and guided missiles armed with atomic warheads, quietly but quickly reduced them to rubble. Not one person was killed, not even those in the defending aircraft which had been ignored like so many gnats, but the press of the world screamed for blood.

Military leaders from every land had seen the way the force fields surrounding the spaceships had resisted everything that was thrown at them. They had quiet talks with the heads of their governments and it was decided that in spite of the hue and cry of the papers perhaps negotiation was the best policy. Planes from every nation began to pour into White Sands.

"After all," the statesmen reasoned, "when they see that we, too, are civilized, they will be more likely to deal fairly with us."

But now as they saw the eighty-foot tall humanoid creatures climbing down from the spaceship and come striding toward them they had other thoughts. The aliens were heavily bearded and dressed in furs; they carried axes and had swords strapped to their waists. They looked anything but civilized. One of them announced himself as Bel Thor in between huge mouthfuls of meat which he ripped with his teeth from the haunch he carried. He carefully looked over the impeccably dressed diplomats who stood before him.

"So," he bellowed in a bull-like roar. "My slaves have gathered to do me homage. Where is the money?"

"These things take time . . ." the French Premier ventured.

"Time!" Bel Thor roared. "You've had all the time you're going to get!" And he threw the haunch of meat full into the Frenchman's face.

"Why, they're barbarians! They have the manners of an American," the Soviet Premier confided to one of his deputies.

"They act worse than the Russians," the American President whispered to the Secretary of State.

"The money! Get the money!" Bel Thor raged. "Do you think that we Free Spacemen have time for the fumbling and bumbling of you decadent planet dwellers?"

"But what . . . what assurance will

"The Barbarian" (Continued from page 13)

of automobile lights. We will not permit ourselves to be intimidated."

Boston, the American city on the list, was nevertheless hurriedly emptied of its population.

"It is inconceivable that a people so scientifically advanced as to be able to construct interstellar ships," the English Prime Minister remarked, "could

at the same time be so barbaric as to hold for ransom a planet which has done them no harm. We will not be panicked. The RAF has been instructed to resist to the utmost any attempt by the aliens to destroy Manchester."

Manchester, however, was evacuated just as were Hamburg, Rio de Janeiro, Bombay and every other city on the list.

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we get in return," the German Prime Minister faltered.

For answer the eighty-foot alien placed his hand on the man's chest and pushed, knocking him violently to the ground. "Assurance? You'll get your miserable lives . . . that's what you'll get in return. And you can keep them for all of me until another band of Free Spacemen come along and blast you for good."

"But, sir, we . . ." the American President protested.

"Don't sir me, you fancy overdressed fop. You swine don't know your master when you see him." He pulled a tube from his belt, pointed it at the ground in front of the assembled statesmen and a six-inch deep trench suddenly appeared.

" . . . yes . . . yes . . . master," the Spanish Dictator gasped bowing low before Bel Thor who grinned amiably and kicked him in the teeth.

"Now there's no need for this," the American Secretary of the Treasury said. "You'll get your money."

"By the bowels of Space, we'd better get it . . . and quick!" the alien growled thrusting his face so close to the other's that he sprayed him with saliva as he talked.

On board the flagship of the Free Spacemen now deep in space, Bel Thor composed a message. Minus the barbaric furs, he was a tall, slender man dressed in carefully tailored shorts and tunic. His voice as he spoke into the recording machine was low and cultured.

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From Bel Thor, C.I.C. Galactic Civilizing Agency

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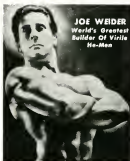
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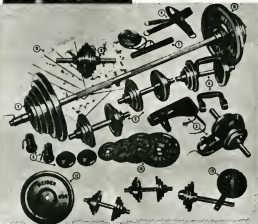
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running errands, doing odd jobs and otherwise making himself useful when not driving the Colonel or his wife.

All of this naturally threw Jones into a close contact with Theresa, but propinquity, rather than lessening his desire for her, increased it a thousandfold. Jones being quite young—and his love being what it was—the boy even contemplated suicide over his impossible love. And he proposed to do it in such a way that there could be no doubt that he had destroyed himself over unrequited love for his lady fair.

Being resourceful, pfc. Jones decided that he might just as well go out in a blaze of glory—and the fulfillment of his desires. This, of course, had to be done without the knowledge of the Colonel's lady, so Jones began to put his resourcefulness to work. He knew, from his intimate knowledge of the Colonel's household, that Agar and his wife occupied separate bedrooms. By careful spying he learned also that it was the custom of the Colonel, when he was moved to share the delights of his lady's bedroom, to make his way to her in the dark. He knew also that the Colonel was often uncommuni-

cative, especially when engaged in something absorbing.

So, pfc. Jones determined to enter the Colonel's quarters stealthily of a night when Agar obviously did not intend to share his wife's bed, and impersonate the officer in marital relations with Theresa. It was a long shot gamble, but Jones was desperate. If he got away with it, he'd hit the jackpot. If he got caught, well, what the hell, he was going to commit suicide anyway, wasn't he?

On the appointed night, after assuring himself the Colonel was safely ensconced in his own bedroom, pfc. Jones, garbed in pajamas similar to those habitually worn by the Colonel, entered the lady's bedroom. Without a word he took Theresa in his arms. It was several hours before he took his departure, as silently as he had entered, and scurried back to his barracks.

It so happened the Colonel's sleeping pills did not work too efficiently that particular night and pfc. Jones had hardly left Theresa's bedroom before the officer was filled with a desire for his wife and went to her room.

"What's this?" asked his wife in sur-

prise, "Why you just left me, and here you are back again. You'd better be careful of your heart."

As we said before, the Colonel was no fool, and he knew at once that someone must have tricked his wife into believing she had shared her bed with her husband. The Colonel was too bright to blurt out, "What the hell, I wasn't here at all tonight," and tip his faithful wife to the deception. That, he figured, might awaken a wish in Theresa to again experience the forbidden delights she had shared with the interloper.

Also, thinking of his career, the Colonel wanted no alarm given. This matter, he decided, would have to be handled diplomatically and quietly. So, he took leave of Theresa. Then he started making the rounds of the barracks quietly, to see if he could find evidence of the man who had cuckolded him. Everyone was sleeping soundly and normally in the first two barracks he visited, but when he reached barracks D, where pfc. Jones was quartered, he discovered the culprit. Jones, you see, was not asleep, but wide awake, reliving in his mind the delights of the Colonel's lady. When he heard the Col-



"Nice to have you folks back—you can have the same cabin you had a couple of months ago."

... a rose is a rose is a rose is a Candy Barr



oned, he knew the jig was up and his heart began to pound furiously.

As Colonel Agar bent over pfc. Jones he could hear the furious bumping of his heart and his labored, frightened breathing. Once again Colonel Agar showed his great wisdom and diplomacy. Instead of sounding an alarm and having pfc. Jones placed under immediate arrest, he reached into his uniform pocket for a small pair of manicure scissors he always carried. With them he snipped a sizable hunk of hair from the sides of Jones' G.I. haircut.

This way, reasoned the Colonel, he could spot the culprit easily the next day and deal with him quietly in his own way. This would avoid any semblance of scandal that might interfere with the Colonel's career, would prevent embarrassment to his wife and would be the strategic way to handle the whole affair. Congratulating himself on his sagacity, Colonel Agar replaced his manicure scissors and returned to his own bed, disturbed over the happenings of the night, but well satisfied with the manner in which he had handled them.

Pfc. Jones was no fool either. No sooner

had the Colonel left the barracks than he took a pair of scissors and inflicted exactly the same kind of destruction on the haircut of every man in his barracks. The next morning, the Colonel was fit to be tied when he saw all the men from Barracks D with holes in their heads.

But his dismay and anger was nothing to that of General Mallett, who came upon them just as the Colonel was dressing his men down. Since the Colonel couldn't explain the strange haircuts and the men couldn't, the whole affair has gone down in Army records as a mystery that is often given close study at the War College.

Needless to say, the Colonel's chances of rapid advancement have been somewhat lessened by the incident and he worries over the fact that his wife sometimes seems a trifle dissatisfied by his bedroom activities, throwing it up to him, "I remember when you did much better than this—then came back for more."

As for pfc. Jerry Jones, he has become a Master Sergeant now, and may someday be a Colonel himself, with a young and pretty wife. ● ● ●

The Quipping Post

(Continued from page 35)

The trapeze artist who caught his wife in the act...

* * *

The fellow who lost his girl and could not remember where he mislaid her.

* * *

The clock struck midnight as the sweet young thing came in the front door after her date. Her mother regarded her stonily from the top of the stairs.

"Did you let that young man kiss you good night on his very first date?" she demanded.

"Why, mother," protested the S.Y.T. "After all, when a boy comes all the way from Albany to take me out, the least I can do is let him kiss me."

"Albany?" asked mamma. "I thought he came from Buffalo."

"Yes," agreed the S.Y.T. demurely. "He did."

* * *

Philosophy of an actress (as expressed by Monique Van Vooren):

"All men are alike. That's why they have names, so you can tell them apart."

Philosophy of the ages:

"At night all cats are gray."



"Have a seat, Miss Powers, I'll have a little drink ready in a minute."



Mr. Sophisticated Citizen
Whereveryouare
U.S.A.
My Dear-Urbane Brother:

My charming ladies and I will be delighted to visit you periodically, if you will make the necessary simple arrangements. We will entertain you with the latest in adult witticisms, the most up-to-the-minute tales of the gay world we live in and a package of artistic tricks that will enthuse even the most blasé.

All you have to do to enjoy our festive company is make a few appropriate gestures with the pen on the coupon, complete the sordid financial details and mail it to us.

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WILL YOU SPEND \$2 TO SAVE YOUR HAIR?

How many hard-earned dollars have you spent to save your hair? How many hair tonics, gadgets, restorers, electrical devices, have you tried in the last few years — with no success? How many times after an unsuccessful hair-growing attempt have you sworn not to spend another cent on another hair treatment?

Yet, you buy the next product that comes on the market with hair-growing claims.

Stand in front of a mirror, take a long hard look at the top of your head. What have you to show for the money you spent on hair restorers? Do you have as much hair as one year ago? Do you see any signs of new hair, or new hair growth? Why the failure?

CAN YOU GROW HAIR?

Doctors who have spent a lifetime studying hair and hair growth have concluded that nothing now known can grow hair on a bald head. So, if you are bald, prepare to spend the rest of your life that way. Accept it philosophically and quit spending hard-earned dollars on hair growers.

If you can't grow hair — what can you do? Can you stop excessive hair loss? Can you save the hair you still have? Can you increase the life expectancy of your hair? Probably. Please read every word in the rest of this statement carefully, since it may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual BALDNESS.

HOW TO SAVE YOUR HAIR

Itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, very dry or oily scalp, are symptoms of the scalp disease called seborrhea. These scalp symptoms are often warnings of approaching baldness. Not every case of seborrhea results in baldness, but doctors now know that men and women who have this scalp disease usually lose their hair.

Seborrhea is believed caused by three parasitic germ organisms (staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, microbacillus). These germs first infect the sebaceous glands and later spread to the hair follicles. The hair follicles atrophy, no longer can produce new hairs. The result is "thinning" hair and baldness.

Many men and women suffer needless worry and heartache as they peer into the mirror at their retreating hairlines. Worse, they suffer needless loss of hair because today seborrhea can be controlled — quickly and effectively — by treating

your scalp with the amazing scalp medicine called Ward's Formula.

DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

In seconds, Ward's Formula kills the three parasitic germ organisms retarding normal hair growth. This swift germicidal action has been proven in scientific tests by a world-famous testing laboratory (copy of laboratory report sent on request). Ward's removes infectious dandruff, stops scalp itch, brings hair-nourishing blood to the scalp, tends to normalize very dry or oily scalp. In brief Ward's Formula corrects the ugly symptoms of seborrhea, stops the hair loss it causes. Ward's Formula has been tried by more than 350,000 men and women on our famous Double-Your-Money-Back Guarantee. Only 1.9% of these men and women were not helped by Ward's and asked for their double refund. This is truly an amazing performance.

Why not join the men and women who have successfully ended their troubles? Treat your scalp with Ward's Formula. Try it at our risk. In only 10 days you must see and feel the marked improvement in your scalp and hair. Your dandruff must be gone. Your scalp itch must stop. Your hair must look thicker, more attractive, and alive. Your excessive hair loss must stop. You must be completely satisfied — in only 10 days — with the improved condition of your scalp and hair, or simply return the unused portion for Double Your Money Back. So why delay? Delay may cost your hair.

Ward Laboratories, Inc., 19 West 44 Street, N. Y. 36, N. Y. © 1956

Doctors and hospitals can obtain professional samples of Ward's Formula on written request.

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